

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye, my winsome marrow ;
Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride ;
Think nae mair on the BRAES OF YARROW.
Where, where gat ye that bonny bride ?
Where, where gat ye that winsome marrow ?
'Twas where I dare nae weel be seen,
By the barks on the BRAES OF YARROW.

Weep not, weep not, my bonny bride,
Weep not, weep not, my winsome marrow,
Nor let thy heart lament to leave,
The barks upon the BRAES OF YARROW.
Why does she weep, thy bonny bride ?
Why does she weep, thy winsome marrow ?
And why dare ye nae weel be seen,
By the barks on the BRAES OF YARROW ?

Lang maun she weep, lang maun she weep,
Lang maun she weep with dule and sorrow,
And lang maun I nae mair be seen,
By the barks on the BRAES OF YARROW ;
For she has tint her luver dear,
Her luver dear the cause of sorrow,
And I've slain the comeliest youth
By the barks on the BRAES OF YARROW.

Why runs thy stream, O YARROW, red ?
Why on thy Braes the voice of sorrow ?
And why yon melancholic weeds,
Hung on the bonny barks of YARROW ?
What's yonder on the rueful stream ?
What yonder floats ? O dule and sorrow !
'Tis he, the comely swain I slew,
Upon the duleful BRAES OF YARROW.

Wash ye, O wash his wounds in tears,
His wounds in tears with dule and sorrow,
And wrap his limbs in mourning weeds,
And lay him on the BRAES OF YARROW.
Then build, then build, ye sisters sad,
Ye sisters sad, his tomb with sorrow,
And weep around in waeful wise,
Weep his fate on the BRAES OF YARROW.

Curse ye, curse ye his useless shield,
My arm that wrought the deed of sorrow,
The fatal spear that pierc'd his breast,
His breast upon the BRAES OF YARROW !
Did I not warn thee not to lu'e,
And warn from fight ? but to my sorrow,
O'er rashly bold a stronger arm
Thou met'st, upon the BRAES OF YARROW.

Sweet smells the birk, green grows the grass,
Yellow on YARROW'S banks the gowan,
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
And sweet the wave of YARROW flowan.
Flows YARROW sweet assweet flows TWEED,
As green its grass, its gowan yellow,
As sweet smells on its braes the birk,
The apple frae the rock as mellow.

Fair was thy luve, fair fair thy luve,
In flow'ry bands thou him didst fetter ;
Though he was weel beluv'd again,
Than me he never lu'd thee better.
Busk ye, then busk my bonny bride,
Busk ye, busk ye my winsome marrow,
And lu'e me on the banks of Tweed,
Think nae mair on the BRAES OF YARROW.

How can I busk a bonny bride ?
How can I busk a winsome marrow ?
How lu'e thee on the banks of Tweed,
That slew him on the BRAES OF YARROW ?
O YARROW fields, may never rain,
Nor dew thy tender blossoms cover ;
For there was basely slain my luve,
My luve, as he'd not been a luver.

The boy put on his robes of green,
His purple vest, 'twas my own sewing ;
Ah ! wretched me ! I little kend
He was in tbese to meet his ruin.
The boy took out his milk-white steed,
Unbeedful of my dule and sorrow,
But ere the toofal of the night,
Lay slain upon the BRAES OF YARROW !

Much I rejoie'd that waeful day ;
I sang, my voice the woods returning,
But lang ere night, the spear was blown,
That slew my luve, and left me mourning !
What can my barb'rrous father do,
But with unfeeling rage pursue me ?
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou, cruel man, then woo me ?

My happy sisters, in their pride
With bitter and ungentle scoffin',
May bid me seek, on YARROW BRAES,
My luver nailed in his coffin.
My brother DOUGLAS may upbraid,
And try with threat'ning words to move me ;
My luver's blood is on thy spear,
How canst thou ever bid me luve thee ?

Yes, yes, prepare the bed of luve ;
With bridal sheets my body cover ;
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in th' expected husband luver :
But who th' expected husband is ?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter ;
Ah me ! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes in his pale shroud, bleeding after ?

Pale as he is, here lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow ;
Take off, take off these bridal weeds,
And crown my careful head with willow.
Pale though thou art, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee !
Yet lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lively youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter !
And lie all night between my breasts ;
No youth shall ever lie there after.
Return, return, O mournful bride,
Return and dry thy useless sorrow ;
Thy luver heeds nought of thy sighs,
He lies slain on the BRAES OF YARROW.

The 2 Braes of Yarrow

31

Affettuoso

Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride, Busk ye, busk ye my
win-some mar-row, Busk ye, busk ye, my bonny bride, Think
nae mair on the braes of Yar-row. Where where gat ye thaat
bonny bride? Where where gat ye thaat win-some mar-row
Twas where I dare nae weel be seen, By the birk's on the braes of Yarrow.